

Scrub A Dub Dub (Sex in the Tub) by brokenpromisesandhope

Series: [Kink prompts \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Bath Sex, Crying, Crying During Sex, Domestic Fluff, Explicit Language, F/M, Fluff, Future Fic, Jonathan isn't in this I'm sorry, Kinky, M/M, Mild Angst, Multi, Multiple Orgasms, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Polyamory, Porn with Feelings, Riding, Smut, Unsafe Sex, Vaginal Sex

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-20

Updated: 2018-03-20

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:26:47

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,860

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Prompt for bath or shower sex from polyamorousnancyprasad on my tumblr.

Scrub A Dub Dub (Sex in the Tub)

Author's Note:

Um.. this is super kinky and explicit and I'm a dirty whore I guess cause I think I watch too much porn cause this is wild.

Also I wasn't sure how to make washing someone sexy and it really wasn't supposed to be, but yeah.

Please comment/kudos!!

Xx

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The thing is it starts out as innocent, it does. It's been a long day at work, they're not used to working the long hours yet, well Nancy's not, long hours on her feet as she waits on tables and deals with assholes for nine hours at a time. So when Steve picks her up, she eagerly plops on her ass on his cushy car seat, and complains.

He listens eagerly, he's gotten so much better at that, especially since Jonathan's been working nights lately. Nancy misses him, desperately, by the time Steve picks him up and he gets home, Nancy's almost ready to leave. It sucks, but they want a new apartment and Jonathan needs a new camera and Steve's birthday is in a week, and things are not cheap in Chicago.

She gets home and dumps her purse on the counter, Steve closing and locking the door behind them. She yanks open the fridge and grabs the half drank bottle of cheap wine they have in there and takes a few gulps.

"You wanna take a bubble bath?" Steve asks, as she sets the bottle down a little too hard.

"Yeah, sure." She says, pulling her phone out of her bag and texting Jonathan. It's a little late, but she always sends him a text to have a good shift at work.

She chugs a little more of the wine, the headache throbbing behind her temples easing as she gets buzzed. She doesn't even realize how much she's drank until Steve comes back in, shirtless, boxer briefs

hanging low on his hips. How did she get so lucky?

“Babe, you coming?”

Nancy nods, and follows him, eyes on his ass the whole time. They crowd into the bathroom and she groans when she sees herself in the mirror. She looks a hot mess. Less hot, more mess. Her ponytail is falling, her eyeliner is smudged and her face has a light shine of grease and her lipstick has mostly worn away, she never was good at keeping it on her face for long. She feels gross in her uniform and like she smells like old diner food and Steve just shakes his head,

“Whatever you’re thinking, stop. You’re beautiful.”

“You have to say that, you’re my boyfriend,” Nancy pouts.

“I still mean it though. Come on,” Steve slowly starts unbuttoning her blouse, fingertips barely brushing her skin as he does so. He pushes the shirt down her shoulders and plants a wet kiss on each shoulder blade, which causes her to laugh. He reaches around to unhook her lacy pink bra, and makes a small noise as her pretty pierced breasts are revealed. He can’t help but cup them, thumbing over the nipples, even though he’s genuinely not trying to be sexual.

His hands slide down her waist to rest on her hips, and he runs his thumbs across the middle of her warm skin until he meets the button of her jeans. He unbuttons them and pulls down the zipper, helping her wiggle out of them. He crouched down to the floor as he tugs them off and then reaches up to tug off her underwear. She simply lifts her legs as he helps her step out of them and lastly removes her socks. He plants a wet kiss on each knobby knee and she laughs even though she wants to cry, she does not deserve him.

He stands up and kicks off his own boxers, before stepping into the tub. He sinks down under the bubbles and holds up a long arm to help Nancy in so she doesn’t fall. The water feels amazing and she sinks low, sitting in between Steve’s spread legs.

He’d clearly used her nicer body wash to make the bubbles and the scent of lavender and vanilla surrounds them. He pulls her back against his chest and she leans back, resting her head on his shoulder.

He kisses her temple and holds her for a few minutes.

“Want me to wash you? He asks eventually, voice low in her ear.

Nancy hums, they’ve done this before. Steve loves to wash both her and Jonathan, scrub over them in teasing strokes and wash their hair, short nails scratching over their scalps in the best way. Steve grabs a fresh wash cloth off of the shelf right beside their bath tub and wets it and soaps it up.

He props them up a bit, her back still flushed against his chest, hooks his chin on her shoulder and starts scrubbing over her chest. He scrubs over her collarbone and shoulder, down her arms and under arm and does her breasts last, gently teasing the barbell until she gasps. He scrubs down her stomach slowly, then kisses her shoulder,

“Stand up for me babe.”

She pushes herself up and stands in front of him, fully naked and wet, and her cheeks turn pink. He has literally eaten Jonathan’s come out of her and yet she’s blushing like this, it’s ridiculous. He chuckles like he’s thinking something similar and pushes up on his knees. He runs the soapy cloth along her stomach and hips, then down her legs, massaging her calves. Then he moves back between her legs, scrubbing her gently and teasingly and for much too long. He doesn’t say anything and neither does she, just looks down at him and bites her lip. She doesn’t think he’s being purposely sexual, but every time he touches her, it lights her on fire.

She turns around and he scrubs her back and butt and the back of her legs, pressing a light kiss into the dimples at the bottom of her spine. Finally he tugs her gently to sit down and rinses her off, squeezing the damp towel over her body to wash off all the suds.

When he’s done, she turns around to blink up at him,

“I love you so much,” she says softly, suddenly feeling emotional. She’s a bit drunk if she’s going to be honest. She’s always been a lightweight and she hasn’t eaten since lunch.

“I love you too Nancy,” Steve says with a wide smile.

He's so cute, he looks like he did when he was sixteen and he's got those kind eyes and he still does his hair the same, though it's a bit longer now and tears rush to Nancy's eyes, and she lets out a sob.

"Nancy, baby, Come here, oh my god, what's wrong?" He asks concerned, shifting her around so she's in his lap and facing him, water sloshing over the sides.

And nothing's wrong but it's been so much bullshit, and they've been through so much. Nancy's parents had disowned her, her own father had called her a slut and her mom hadn't said anything. Joyce was supportive but staying in Hawkins made her even more of a laughing stock and had started to threaten Hopper's job. Steve's father had given him a black eye and told him to get his faggot ass out of his house, but his mom still sent him letters and money, and asked if she could visit. Nancy had wondered if Steve wanted to say yes, but was worried what they would think. Nancy wishes someone would want to visit her.

They live in a tiny one bedroom apartment that they barely can afford with the three of them working full time for and have one car and they can't afford the heat in the winter and they're all ridiculously skinny because they really can't afford groceries either, and it was Steve's day off but he had gotten up at seven to pick up Jonathan and came back and picked up Nancy and drove her to work, and dropped Jonathan off again and picked her up and now he was running her a bath and washing her.

"I just love you, really a lot," she gets out between sobs. She's never drinking again oh god.

Steve nods, face still concerned,
"Um, okay baby. I love you too."

"I don't deserve you. You're the best ever and I'm just," She flings her hand down and splashes water in both of their faces, "I love you."

"I love you too Nancy Wheeler. You are the best ever. You and Jonathan make me feel like I'm the luckiest man alive." He leans in to kiss her softly, and she wraps her arms around his neck and kisses back with all her might, cheeks still wet.

Steve slides his tongue across her lower lip and she opens her mouth wide and he slides his tongue in to stroke hers, hands settling on her hips. She presses her body against his, until he can feel every inch of her and he can't help but start to get hard, as he breaks away and kisses her neck,

"Nance," he pants against her throat.

She grinds against him, sending some of the water over the side. One of his hands slide up her side to play with her nipple and she gasps as he tugs on the piercing.

She pulls his head back up to hers and kisses him harshly, tugging on his hair as he uses the other hand to play with her nipples. She's so sensitive, she moans into his mouth, even as she bites at his bottom lip. He gasps as she yanks his head back, exposing his throat so she can bite at it. Nancy loves to leave bruising hickies, almost as much as Steve loves receiving them.

Jonathan was much more gentle, but once, Nancy had made him bleed, she'd bit his shoulder so hard. Jonathan and Steve were both inside her and Jonathan had been holding her hands together in one of his and Steve had been holding a vibrator on her clit and she just bit down around the meat of his shoulder as she started crying and coming simultaneously. He'd come right after her, so hard he couldn't move for like ten minutes after, and he appreciated her hickies now, a lot more.

She nibbles and sucks at his neck as she braces one hand against the wall and uses the other to guide his dick inside her. She gives him no time to adjust as she raises herself up and sinks down, his cock all of a sudden in her warm wetness,

"Nancy," he whines, head knocking back against the cool tile. Nancy rides like a pornstar. She just takes what she wants and makes these little panting sounds, and never teases, only takes her pleasure like she's using her favorite dildo instead of his dick. But he loves it. He loves watching her, feeling her clench around him and set the pace she wants.

He forces his eyes open because he wants to see, always wants to see her. She's so beautiful and so fucking sexy and amazing. She's got her

own head thrown back and two fingers deep in her mouth, as she braces herself on the edge of the tub, back arched, and rises up, barely letting Steve slide out of her, even a little bit, and then grinds down on him hard. Her back is arched, hard pink nipples poking through the silver barbells and he moves one hand down to her clit.

She looks down at him, blue eyes wide, pupils blown and lets out a whimper around her fingers,

“Does that feel good? You look so sexy riding me, you always look so fucking good. Are you feeling a little empty? Wish Jonathan was here to fill up your mouth?” He rasps, circling her clit.

She nods, eyes wide, and Steve clucks his tongue,
“Use your words,”

“Yes,” she grinds out, because she already knows the deal, “I wish Jonathan was here, want him to fuck my mouth, want you both to fill me with your come,” she gets out between her pants.

It’s Steve’s turn to groan and his hand tightens on her hip, his other hand flicking her clit faster even though his wrist is starting to cramp,

“Such a greedy girl huh?”

“Only for you,” she whines, her pussy clamping around him, “Steve I wanna come,”

“You can come whenever you want baby . You know I wanna see it, you look so fucking good when you come. When you start shaking and your eyes roll back in your head for me. You gonna scream? You gonna clench around me and scream my name? Let everyone know who fucks you so good?” He asks.

She nods eagerly and moves faster, steadily bouncing now. Water’s sloshing all around them and she digs her fingers into his back, sliding her fingers out of her mouth, to pinch at her own nipple. Steve’s close and he thrusts his hips up to meet hers,

“Come on Nance, I know you’re close baby girl. You wanna be a good girl and come for me? I wanna see it,” he rasps, trying to fight off his

own orgasm.

“Steve,” she whines, forcing herself down harder on his cock.

“Come on baby,” he encourages again, licking up her neck.

It only takes a few more thrusts for her to let out a squeak, before she starts shaking. Her cheeks flush and her eyes roll back in her head and she starts shaking, her pussy spasming around him, which causes his own orgasm. His head drops against her chest and he groans as he shoots inside her.

It takes awhile for them to come down, and Nancy does, wiping her teary eyes again,

“God, all you do is cry,” Steve teases.

“I’m sorry that my orgasms are really intense,” Nancy says, slapping his shoulder.

“Well apparently, crybaby. Mine are too, and all I’m saying is you don’t see me crying.”

“That can be arranged,” she says with a toothy grin, “I can handcuff you to the bed and tease you. Bring you to the edge so many times that you don’t know anything except the overwhelming urge to come. Then maybe, I’d let you come. I bet you’d cry then,” she says into his ear, biting his earlobe as she finishes.

“Goddammit Nancy,” he hisses as his over sensitive dick twitches.

Nancy moves herself off of it, but catches it in her hand, and thumbs the tip, causing Steve to hiss ,

“Or I can just make you come until there’s nothing left, make you come over and over again until you beg me to stop,” she rubs over the head of his dick and he whines, nails digging into her arms, eyes wide,

“Nancy,”

“Does it hurt?” She asks, stroking his dick slowly.

Steve nods,
“So good.”

“You want me to stop?” She asks, raising an eyebrow. It’s funny because her eyes are still red and her makeup is smeared but she looks so in control.

Steve takes a deep breath, it’s a lot, intense, but he wants to keep going, so he shakes his head. Nancy smiles. He shivers. She jerks him slowly, paying extra attention to the head of his dick and the slit, where he can feel himself leaking. He didn’t think it would be this intense, but it feels like his body is pulled tight and could snap at any moment.

Nancy doesn’t really talk, so he can’t focus on her dirty talk or soothing voice, just her tight hand, literally yanking his orgasm. He knows he’s tensed up and he’s panting, he can’t help it,

“You look so good,” Nancy says finally, “like you’re in pain but you like it. You’re my little pain slut aren’t you?” She runs her nail up the slit of his cock and his hips jump and he’s coming. Just like that.

He lets out what he hopes is a manly yelp and his vision whites out. When it comes back, Nancy’s looking at him in awe, but her face is blurry, due to the tears in his eyes. He blinks and they fall down his cheeks and he shivers through his aftershocks, tears streaming down his cheeks. Nancy wraps her arms around him and rubs his back,

“Good boy, good boy. Breathe for me. I know that was intense.” Her voice is soothing and finally he stops shaking. He pulls back to look at her and she laughs and brushes the stray tears from under his eyes, “who’s the crybaby now?”

He just laughs and kisses her softly,
“Come on, we need to get out before we melt.”

He stands up first and she holds on to a hand so he can help her up. He drains the water and wraps her in a towel first, before wrapping himself in one. When he looks up from tying it around his waist, she’s looking up at him,
“What?”

She just smiles and shakes her head,
“Nothing. I love you.”

He smiles,
“I love you too.”

“Can we go visit Jonathan? Bring him lunch?”

Steve smiles,
“Of course we can. However I don’t know if an uncrustable counts as substantial food,” he calls to her back as she walks to their bedroom.

She flips him off and keeps walking,
“Fuck You Harrington.”

“Didn’t we just do that Wheeler?”